

# Anthem. Continued.

51

unto him with psalms,

For the Lord is a great God !

unto him with psalms.

make a joyful noise unto him with psalms, we will make a joyful noise

*Pia.*

*For.*

For the Lord is a great God !

And his merciful kindness, his merciful kindness is ever, evermore towards us.

*Anthem. Continued.*

Pia.

Forte.

Piano.

and his merciful kindness, his merciful kindness is ever, ever more towards us. And the truth of the Lord, the truth of the Lord, the

Forte.

Pia.

Forte.

truth of the Lord endureth for - ever, the truth of the Lord, the truth of the Lord, en-dur-eth for - ever.

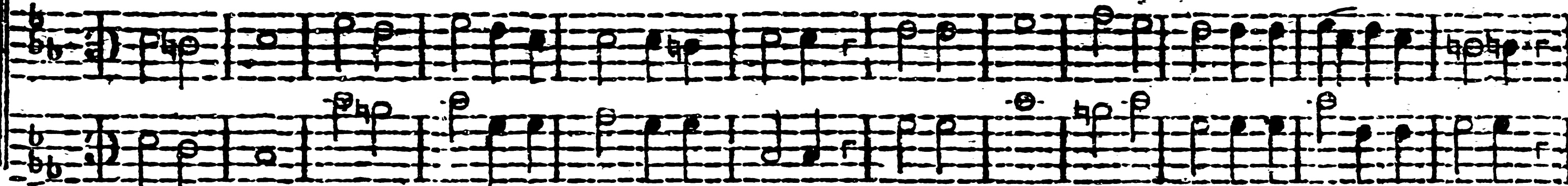
# Anthem. Continued.

53

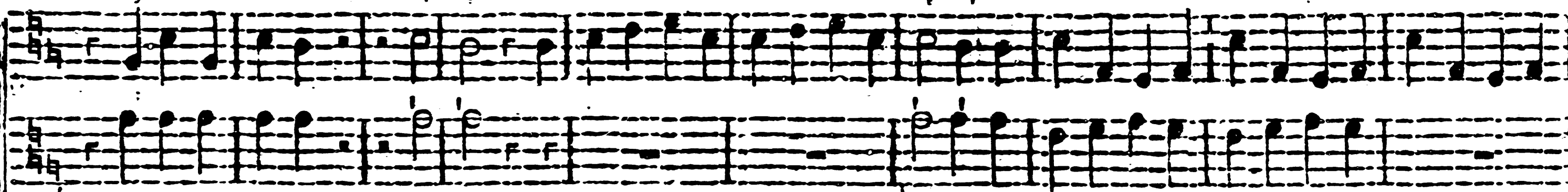
Minore.



Tho' his wrath, tho' his wrath may endure for a moment, tho' his wrath, tho' his wrath may endure for a moment,



Major.



Yet in his favor, in his favor is life, yet in his favor, in his favor is life, yet in his favor, in his favor, in his favor,



*Antenna. Continued.*

is life. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ho - ly Ghost, Glory be to the Father and to the

*Forte.*

Son and to the Holy Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginaing, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall



# Anthem. Continued.

55

Pra.

Forc.

be and ever shall be, World without end amen, world without end amen, a-men, amen, amen.

## Exelham. C. M.

Sin hath a thousand treach'rous arts To practice on the mind ; With flatter'ing looks she tempts our hearts, but leaves a sting-behind.

## Rowley. L. M.

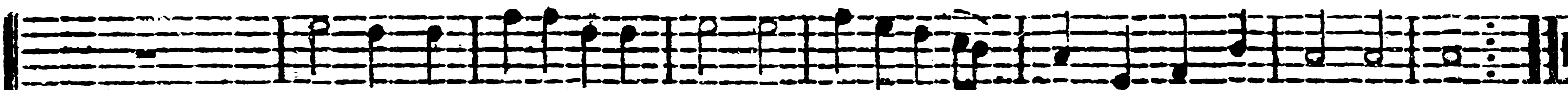


The saints shall flourish in his days, Drest in the robes of joy and praise;

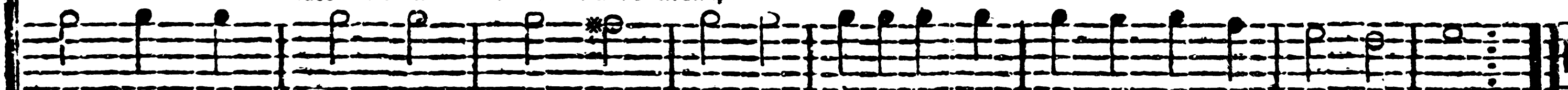


Peace like a

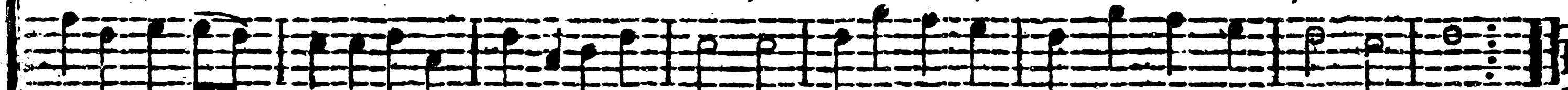
Peace like a river



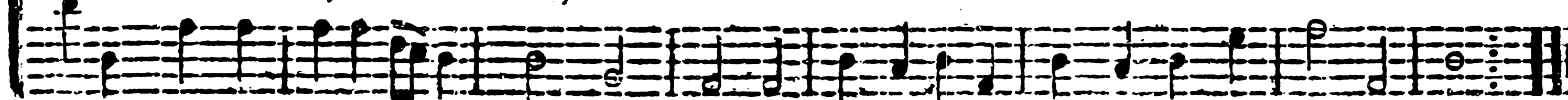
Peace like a river from his throne,

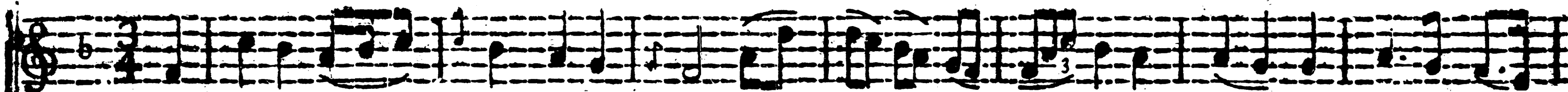


Peace like a river from his throne, Shall flow to nations, flow to nations yet unknown.

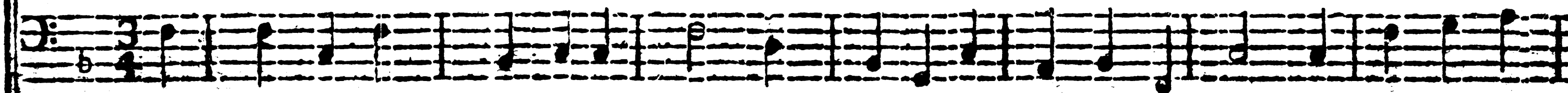
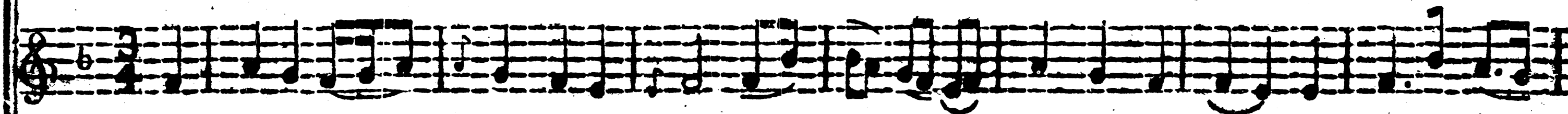


river from his throne, Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

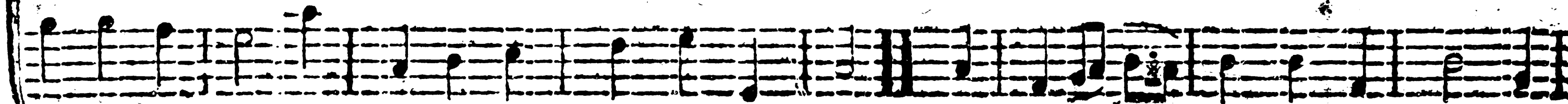
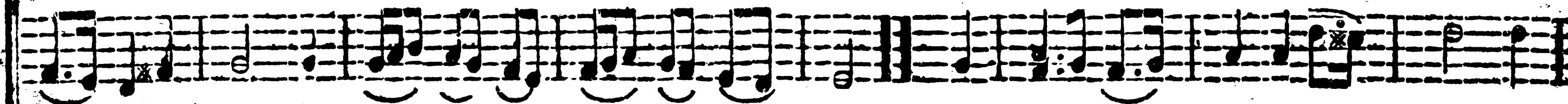




Ah lovely ap - pearance of death, No sight upon earth is so fair, Not all the gay



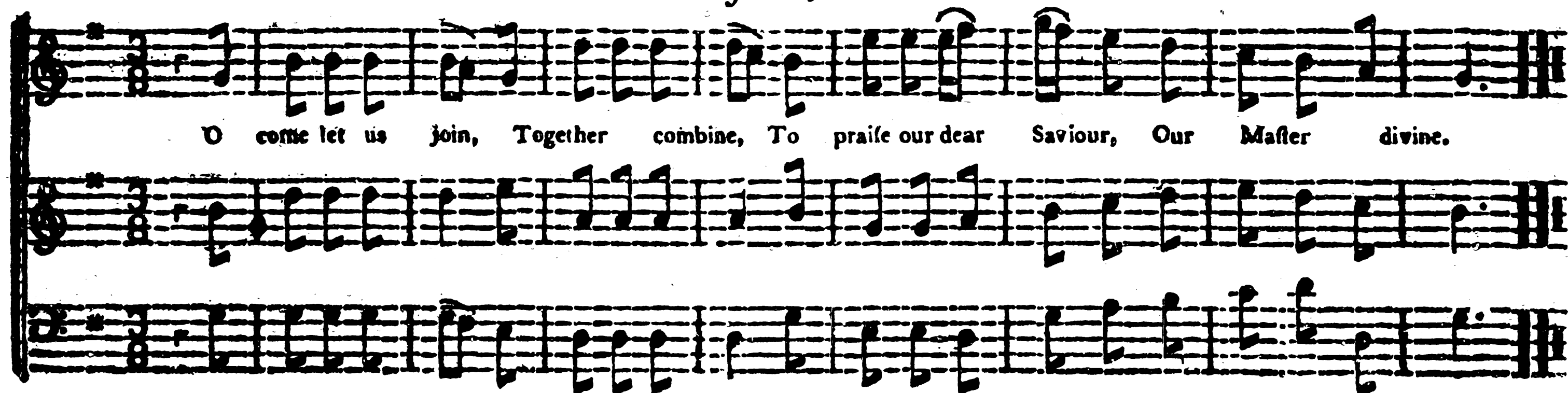
pageants that breathe, Can with a dead body compare. With solemn delight I survey The



*Stockholm. Continued.*

corps when the spirit is fled, In love with the beautiful clay, And longing to lie in its stead.

This musical score consists of three staves. The top staff features a vocal melody with various note values and rests. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic accompaniment, with the bottom staff showing more complex rhythmic patterns and chordal structures. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

*Stamford, P. M.*

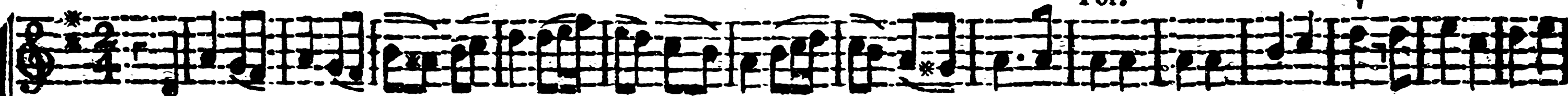
O come let us join, Together combine, To praise our dear Saviour, Our Master divine.

This musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody, while the middle and bottom staves provide accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

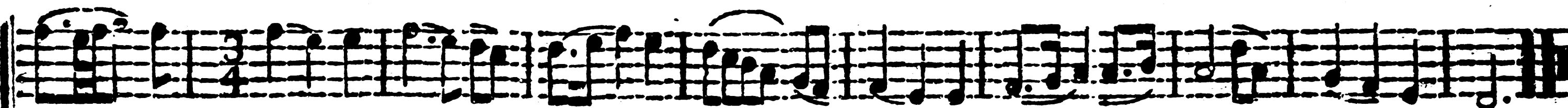
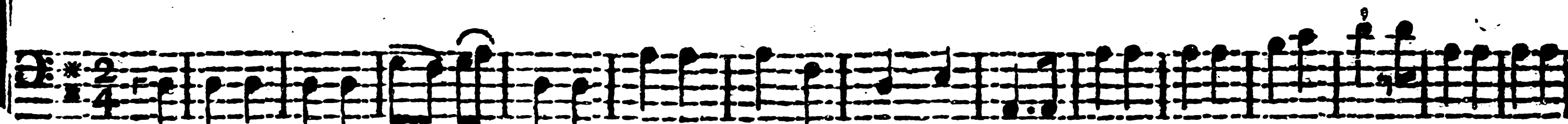
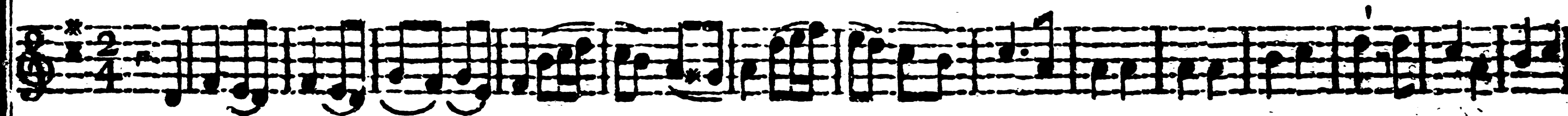
Judgment. P. M.

59

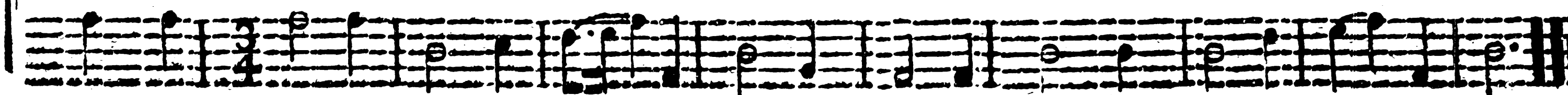
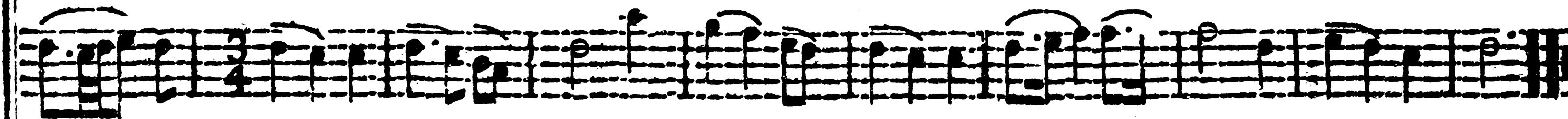
For.



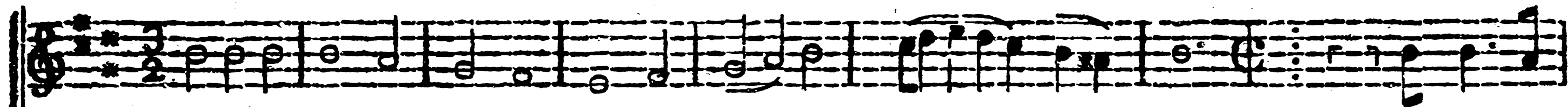
Our God shall come, and keep no more, Misconstru'd silence as before ; But wasting flames before him send ; Around shall tempests



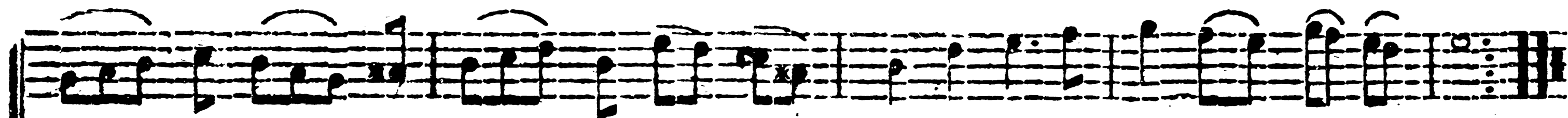
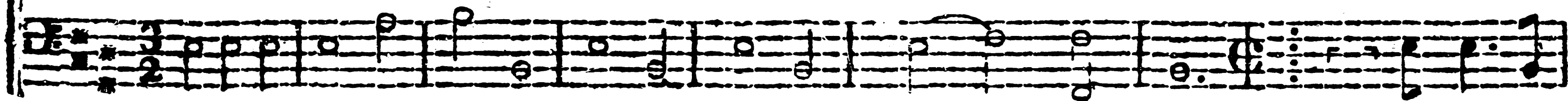
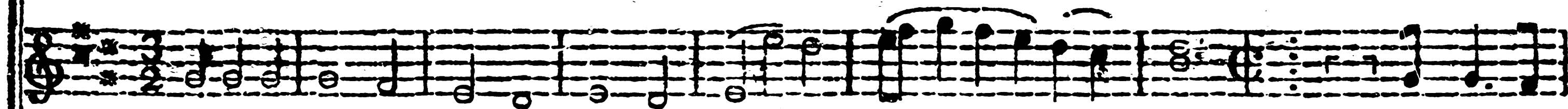
fiercely rage, While he doth heav'n and earth engage, His just tri - bunal to attend.



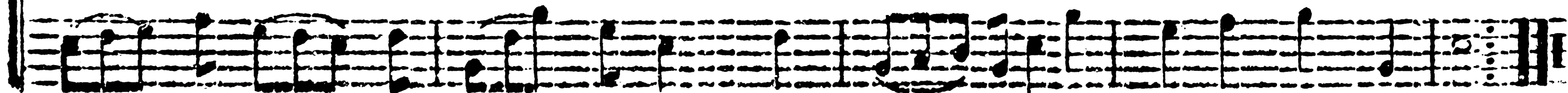
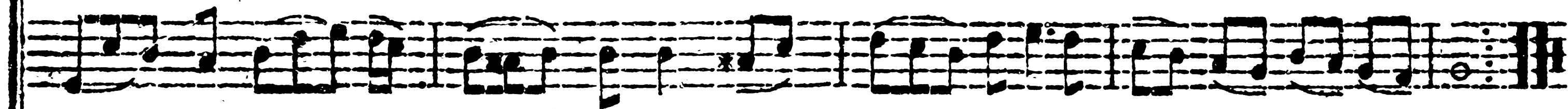


*Malden.* C. M.

Now shall my head be lifted high Above my foes around, And songs of



joy and vic - - to - - ry, Within thy temple sound, Within thy temple sound.

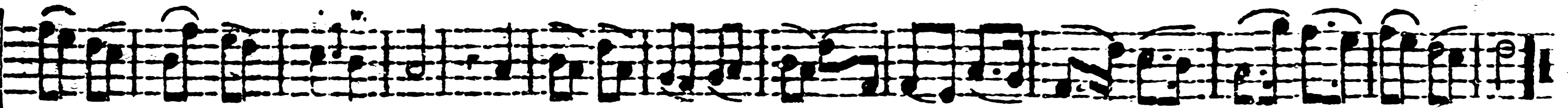
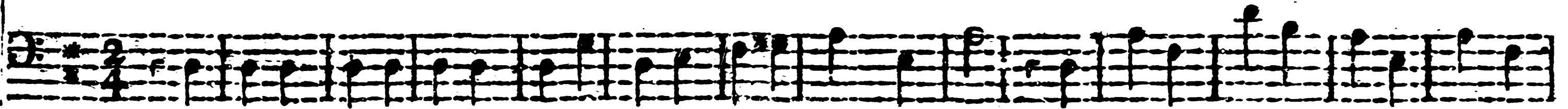
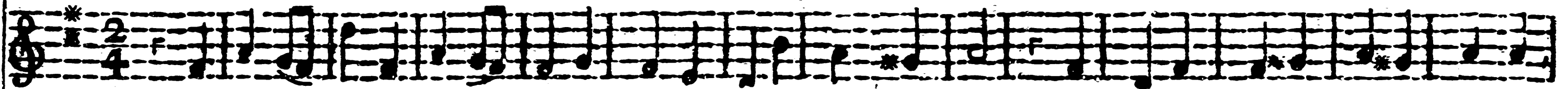


*Marietta.* Words by Addison.

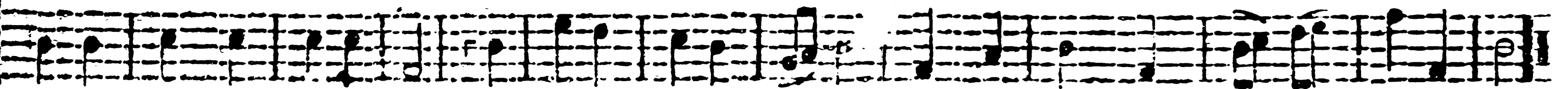
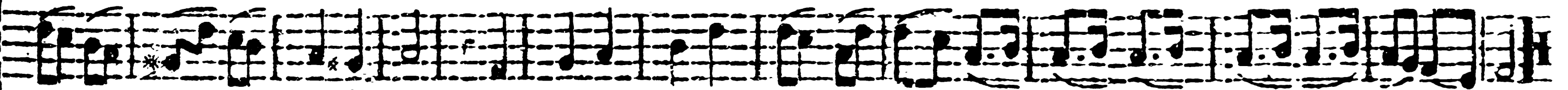
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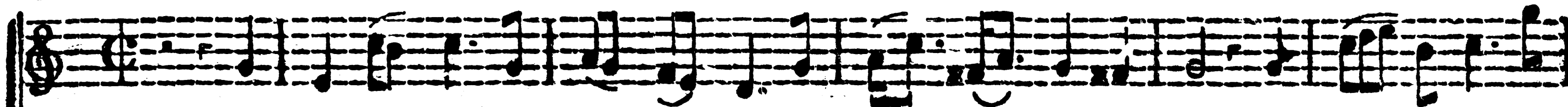


The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And

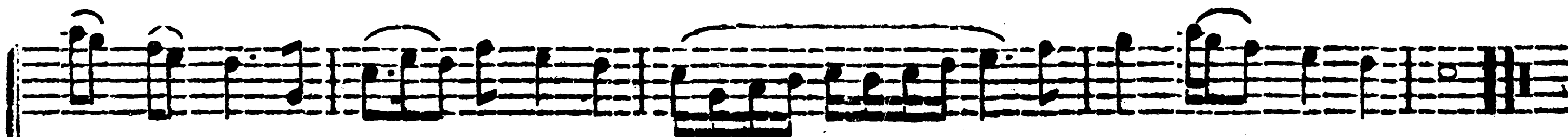
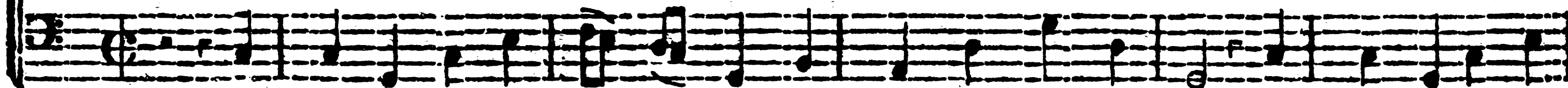
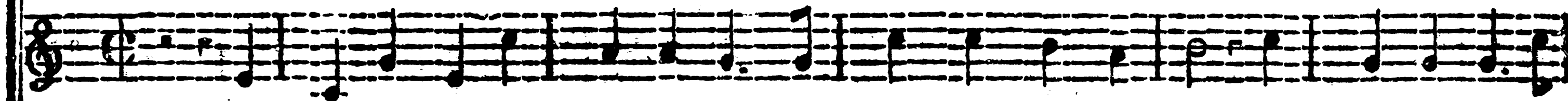


guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend

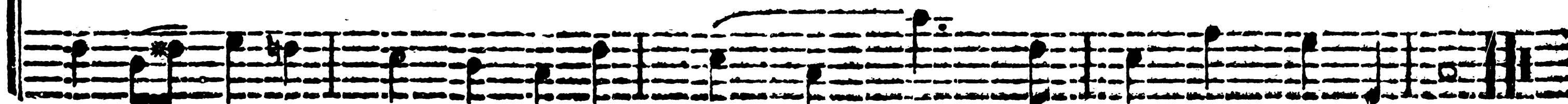
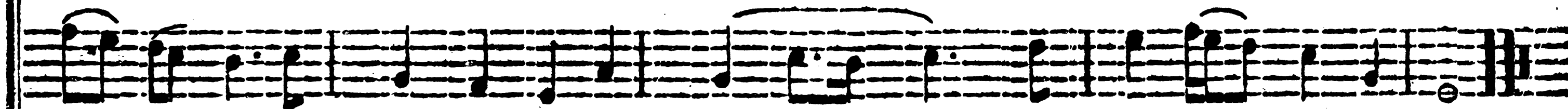


*Haddam. C. M.*

Now shall my inward joys arise And burst in - to a song, Al - migh - ty love in -



pires my heart, And plea - sure tunes my tongue And pleasure tunes my tongue.

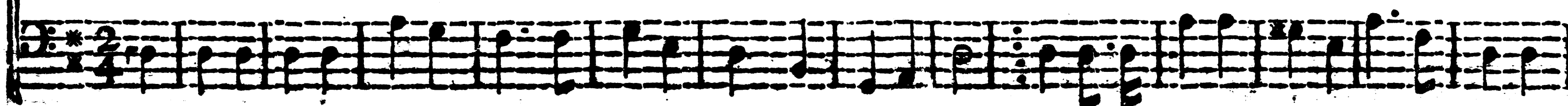
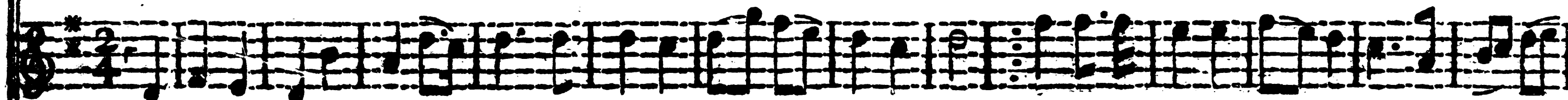


*Harlem.* Psalm 100. Dr. Watts.

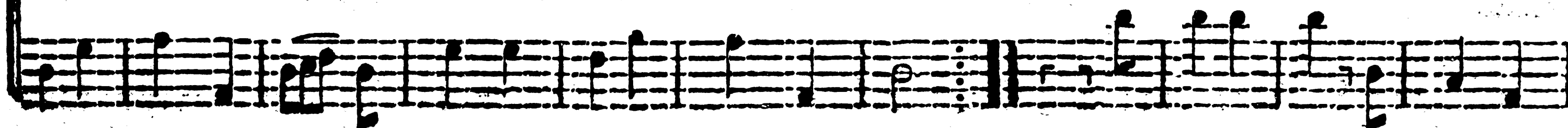
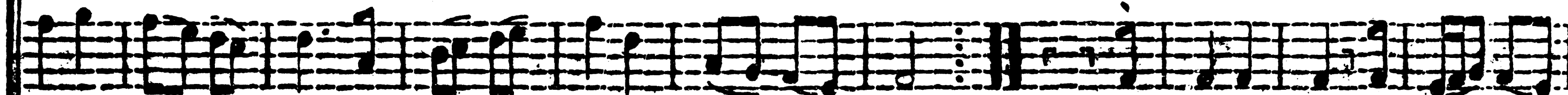
63

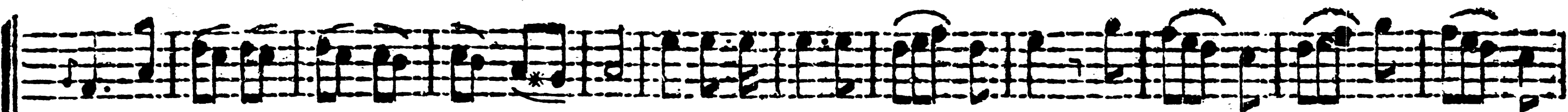


Ye nations round the earth rejoice, Before the Lord the lov'reign king ; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your

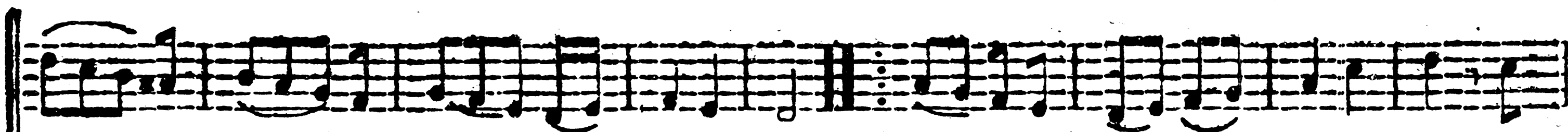
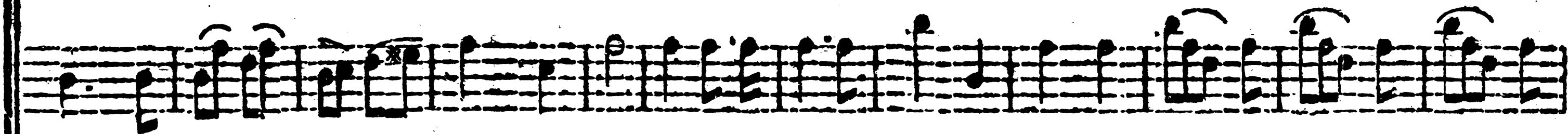
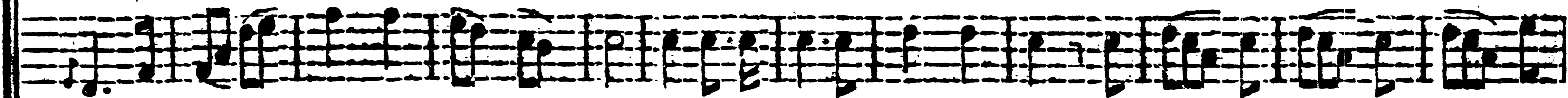


tongues his glory sing, With all your tongues his glory sing. The Lord is God ! 'tis he a-

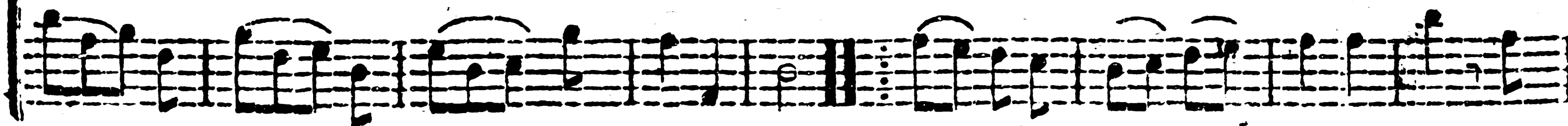
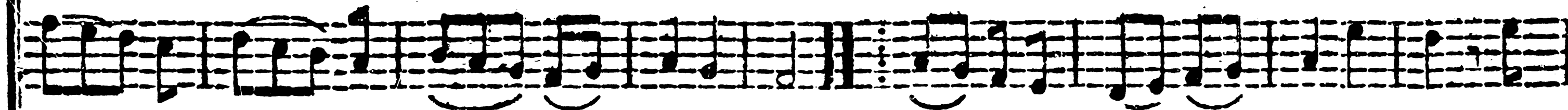


*Harlem.* Continued.

lone Doth life and light and be - ing give ; We are his works and not our own, The sheep that on his pastures



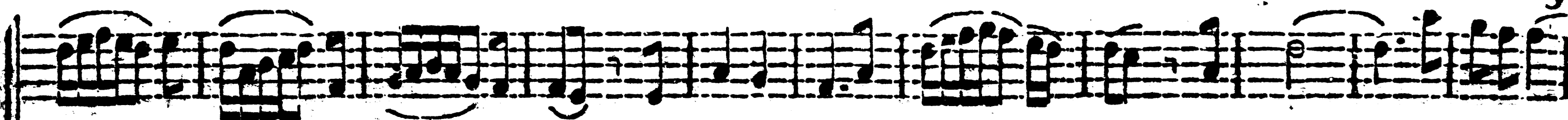
live, The sheep that on his pastures live. Enter his gates with songs of joy, With



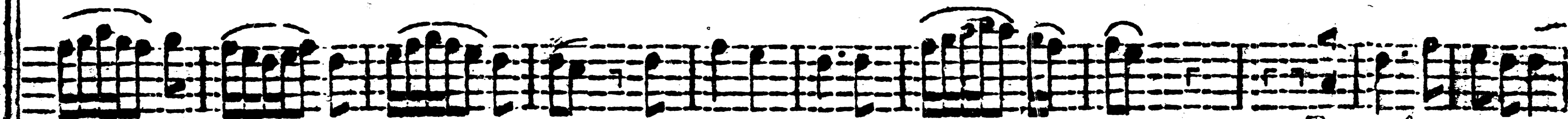


# Harlem. Continued.

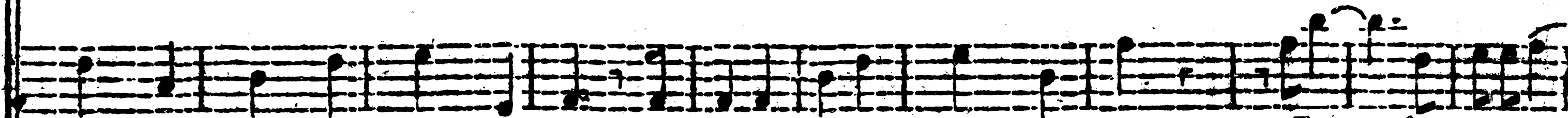
65



praises to his courts repair; And make it your di - vine employ, To pay your thankful ho-



To pay, &c.

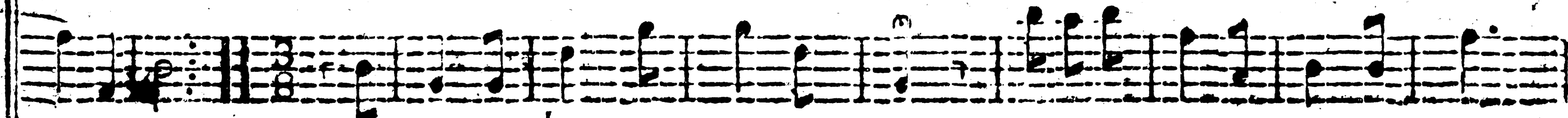
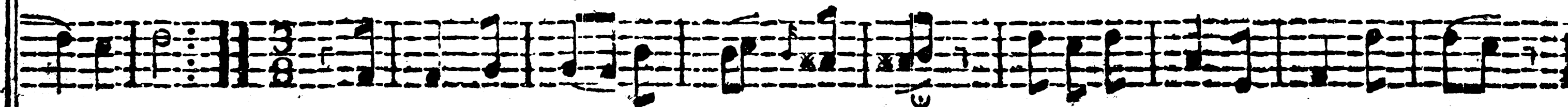


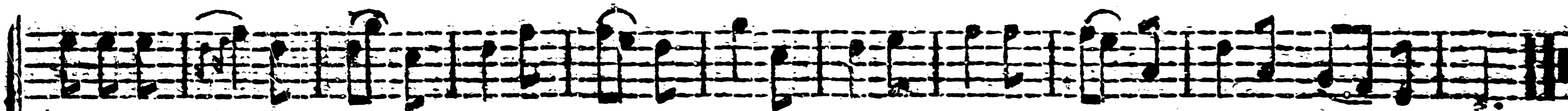
To pay, &c.

Fin.

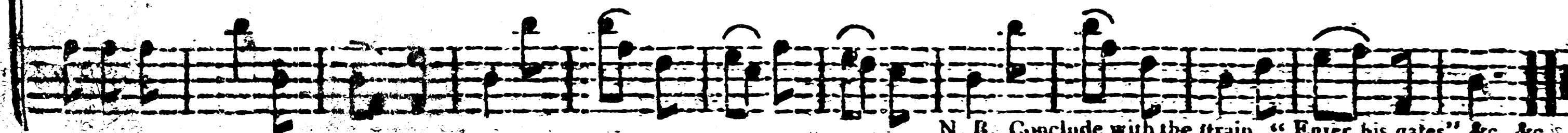
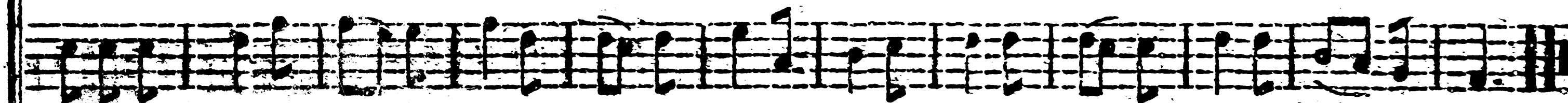


mage there. The Lord is good the Lord is kind; Great is his grace, his mercy ture;

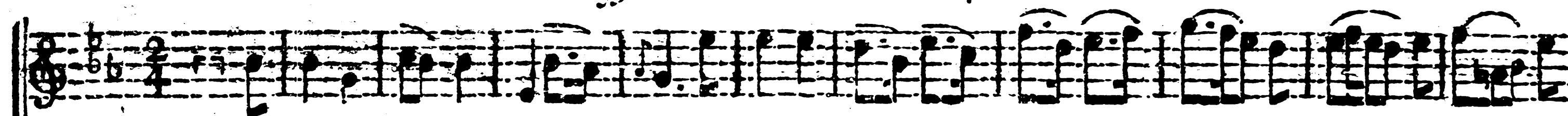


*Harlem. Continued.*

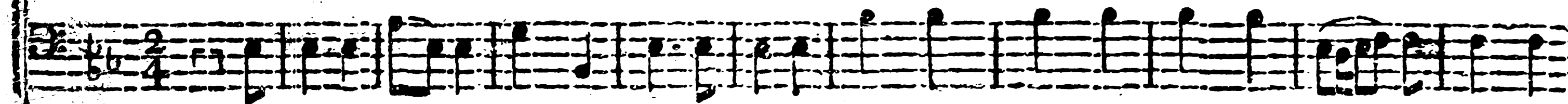
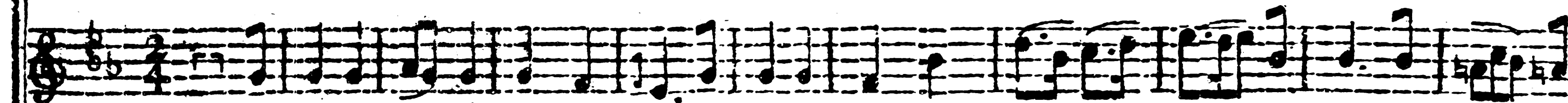
And the whole race of man shall find, His truth from age to age endure, His truth from age to age endure.



N. B. Conclude with the strain, "Enter his gates" &c. &c.

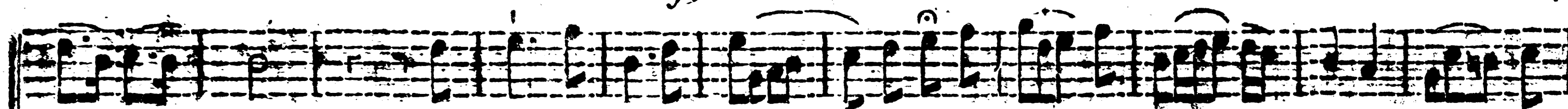
*Pennsylvania. Psalm 24. Dr. Watts.*

Rejoice ye shining worlds on high, Behold the king of glo - ry nigh, Behold the king of

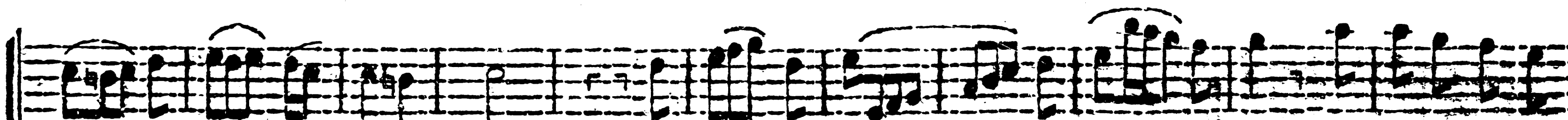


*Pennsylvania.* Continued.

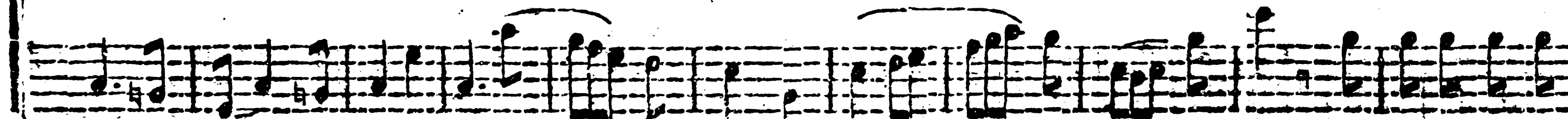
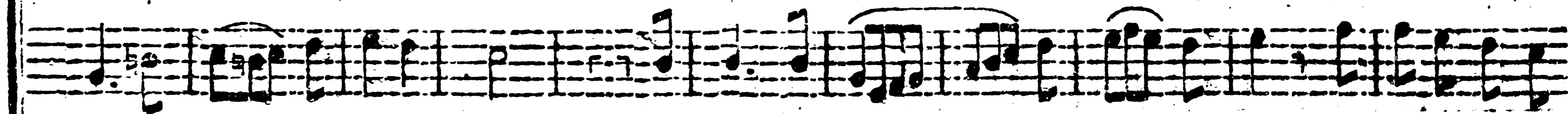
67




glo - ry nigh. Rejoice ye thinning worlds on high, Behold the King of glory nigh, Be-




hold the King of glory nigh. Rejoice ye thinning worlds on high, Behold the King of



*Pennsylvania.* Continued.

glory nigh. Who can this king of glory be? The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he! The migh - ty

**Forte.**

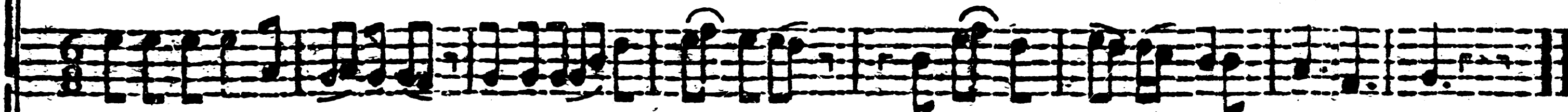
Lord, The Saviour's he, The Saviour's he! Ye Heav'nly gates, your leaves display, To make this King of glory way,

*Pennsylvania* Continued.

69



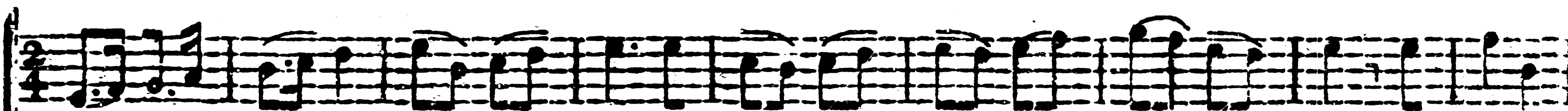
Laden with spoils of earth and hell, Laden with spoils of earth and hell, The Conq'rer comes, the Conq'rer comes with God to dwell.



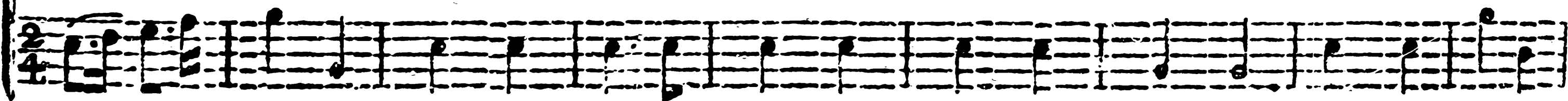
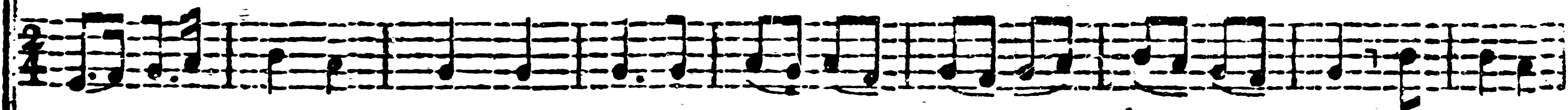
The Conq'rer, Conq'rer comes with God, &c.



The Conq'rer &c.



Rais'd from the dead, he goes be - fore; He opens heav'n's e - ter - nal door, He opens





## Pennsylvania. Continued.

Pia.

For.

heav'n's e - ternal door, To give, to give his saints a blest, a blest abode, To give, to give his saints a blest a-

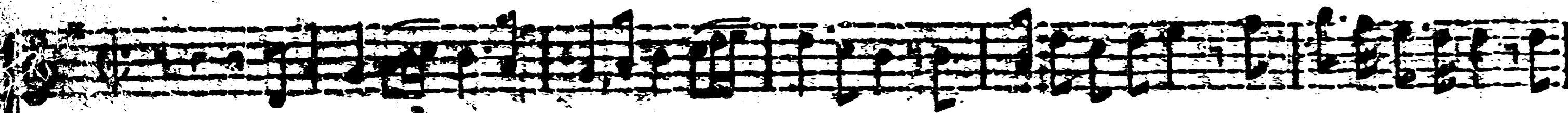
Crescendo.

Diminuendo.

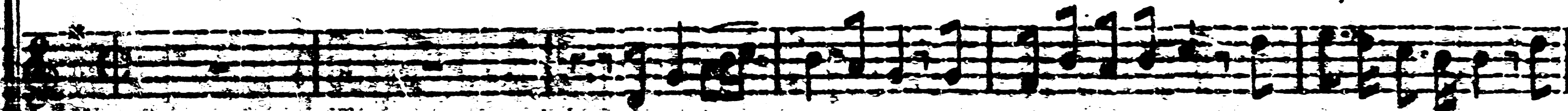
bode, Near their Redeemer and their God, Near their Redeemer, Near their Redeemer and their God.

Severn. Hymn 74. Book 2. Dr. Watts.

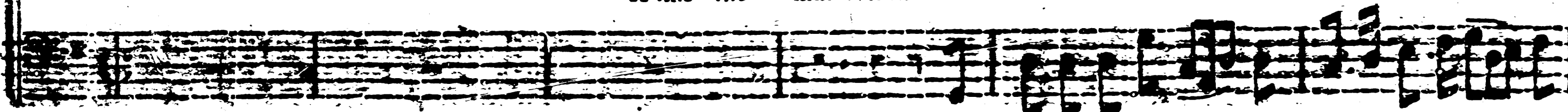
71



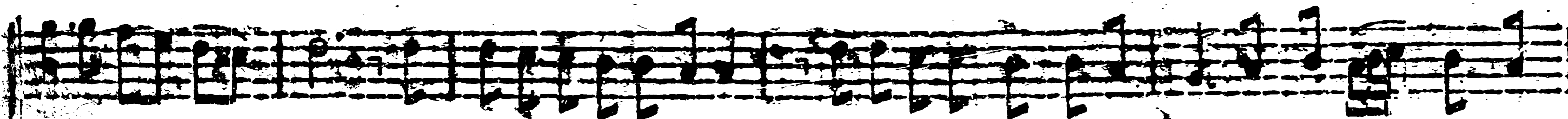
Is this the kind return? And these the thanks we owe, Is this the kind return, And these the thanks we owe, And



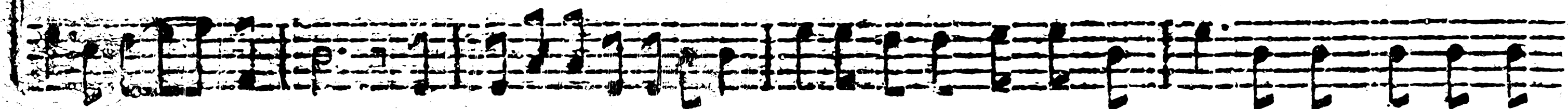
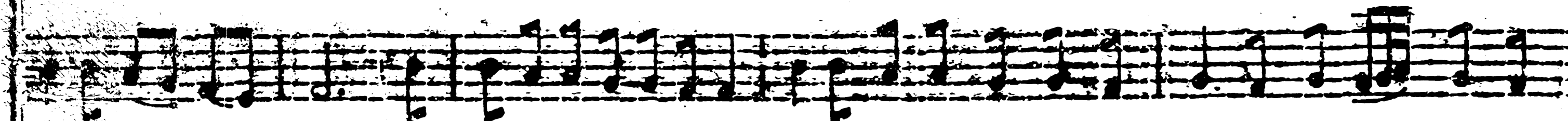
Is this the kind return? Is this the kind return?



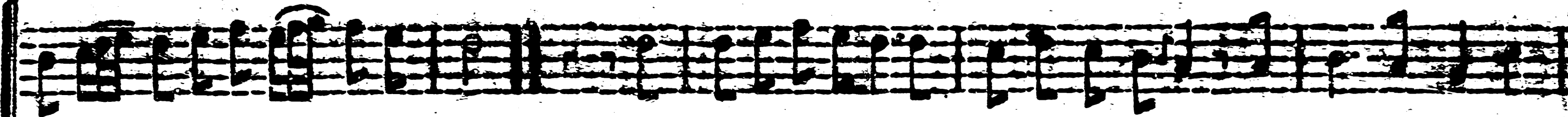
Is this the kind return?



these the thanks we owe? Thus to abuse eternal love, Thus to abuse eternal love, Whence all our blessings

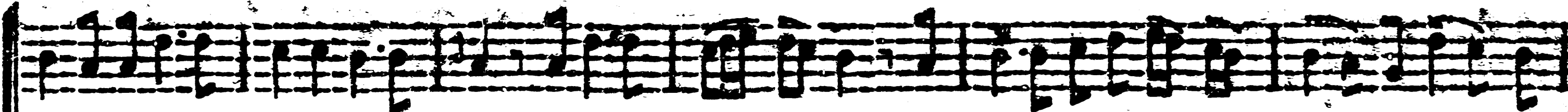
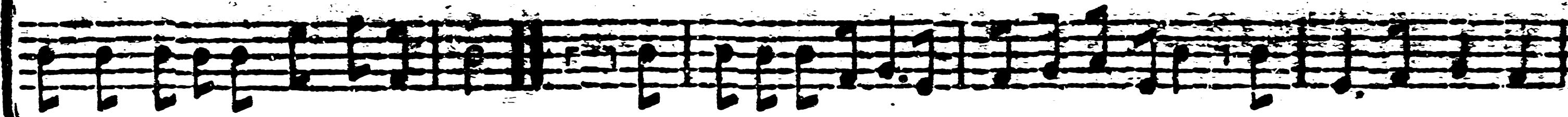
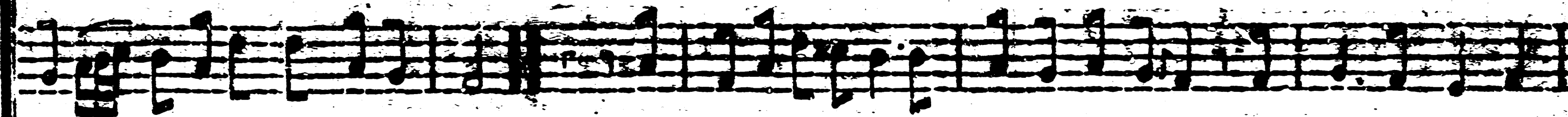


## Severn. Continued.

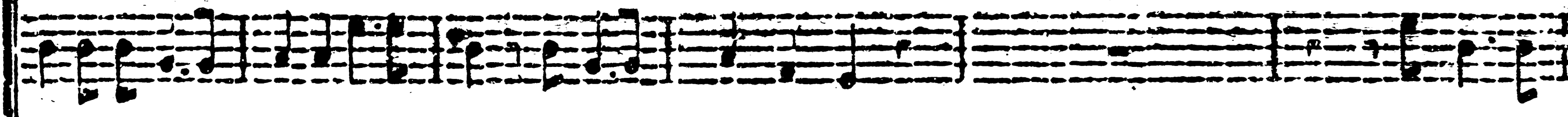
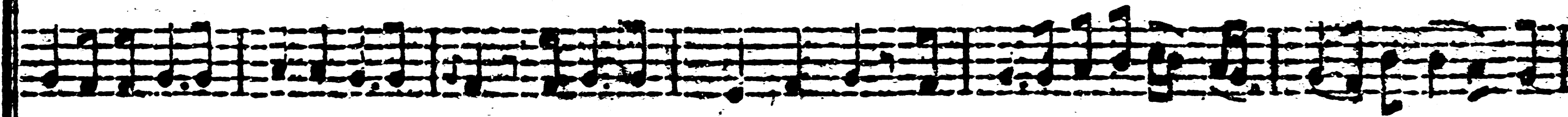


all our blessings, all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame, Has sin reduc'd our mind! What strange rebellious

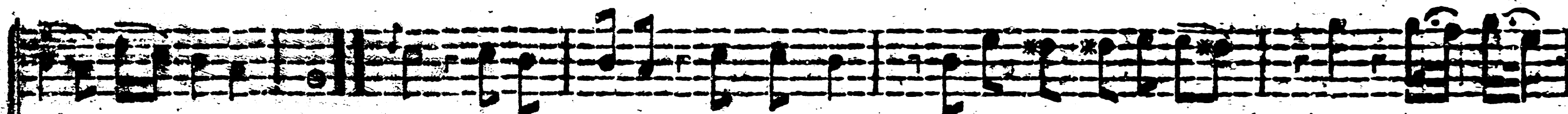


wretches, What strange rebellious wretches we, And God as strangely kind! What strange rebellious wretches we, And God, and

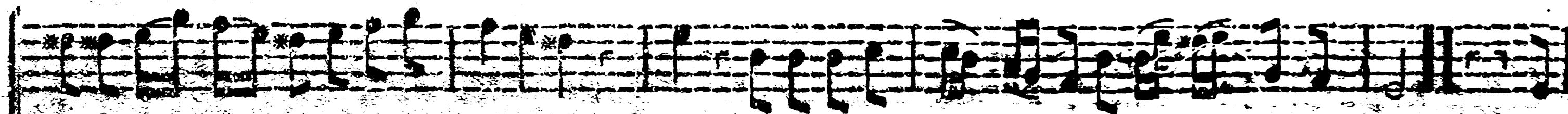
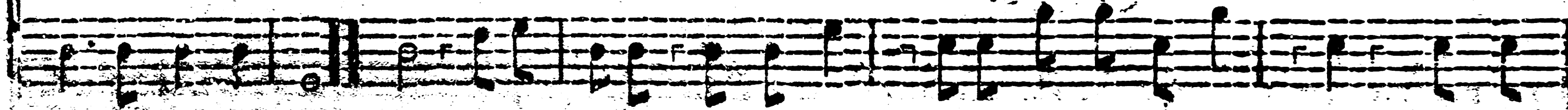
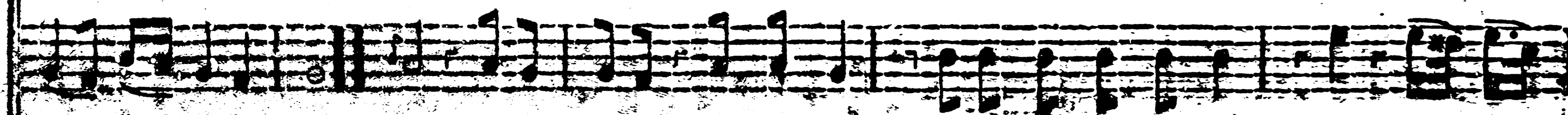


Severn. Continued.

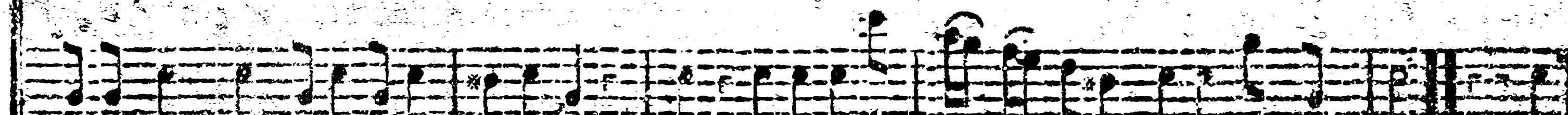
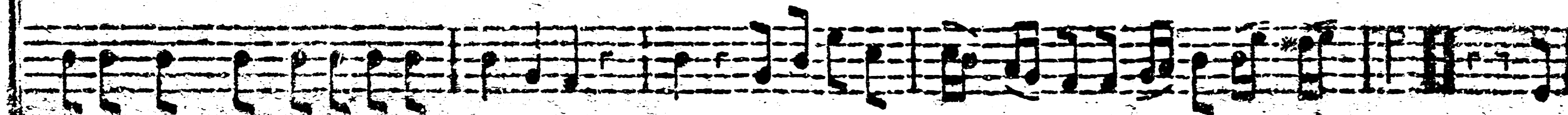
73



God as strangely kind! Turn, Turn us, turn us, mighty God! And mould our hearts afresh, Break sov'reign



grace these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh. Break, sov'reign grace these hearts of stone, And give us hearts of flesh. Let



K

old ingratitude, Provoke our weeping eyes ; And hourly as new mercies fall, Let hourly thanks a - rise. Let old in-

gratitude, Provoke our weeping, weeping eyes, And hourly as new mercies fall, Let hourly thanks arise, And hourly as new mercies fall, Let



*Severn.* Continued.

75

hourly thanks a - rise, Let hourly, hourly, thanks arise.

*Groton.* C. M.

Arise my soul, my joyful pow'rs, And triumph in my God; Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim His glor'ous grace abroad.